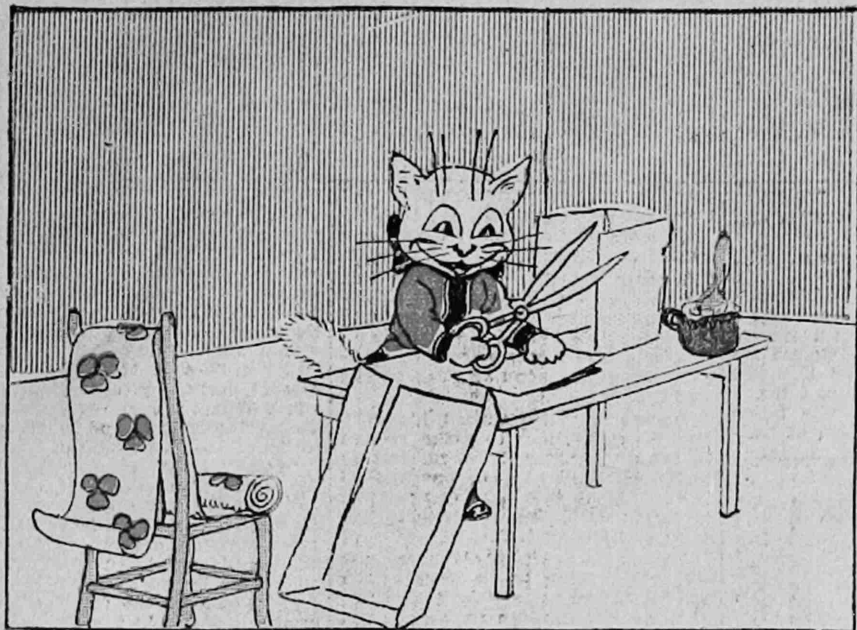
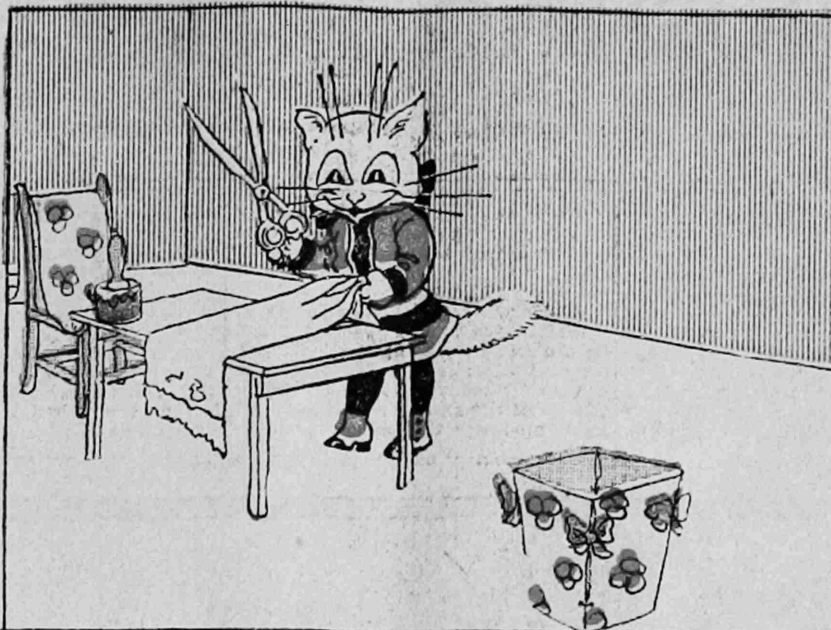


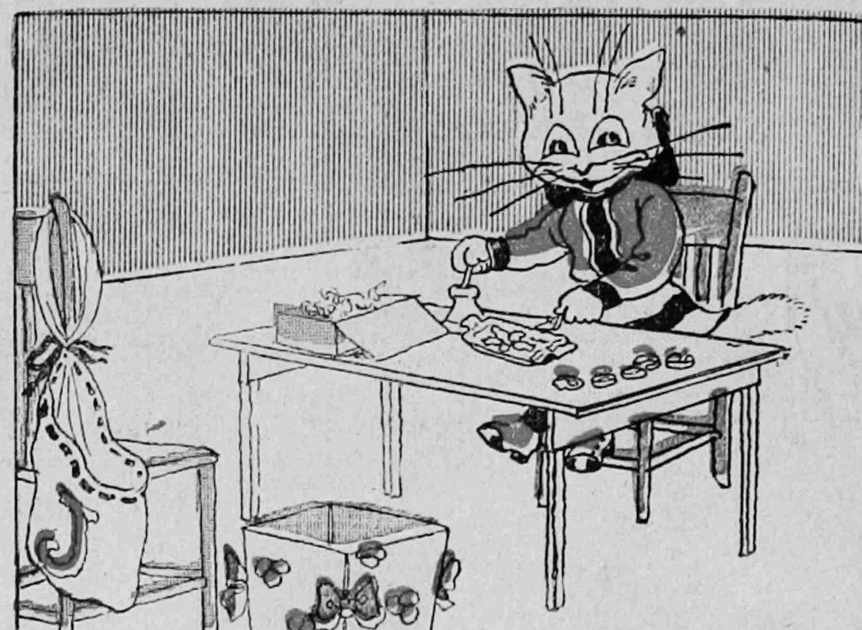
— PINKIE PRIM —



Pinkie took an old cloak box,
Five pieces cut just right;
Tied together, covered all
With parlor paper bright.



Bolster case next Pinkie took,—
Both ends of it were bad,—
Shortened it, and very soon
A laundry bag she had.



And Mama's silver card tray,
(With most the silver gone,)—
She covered with cigar bands,
Till it with beauty shone.



Big Brother had waste basket,
To throw the paper in,
When he got out his razor
And polished off his chin.

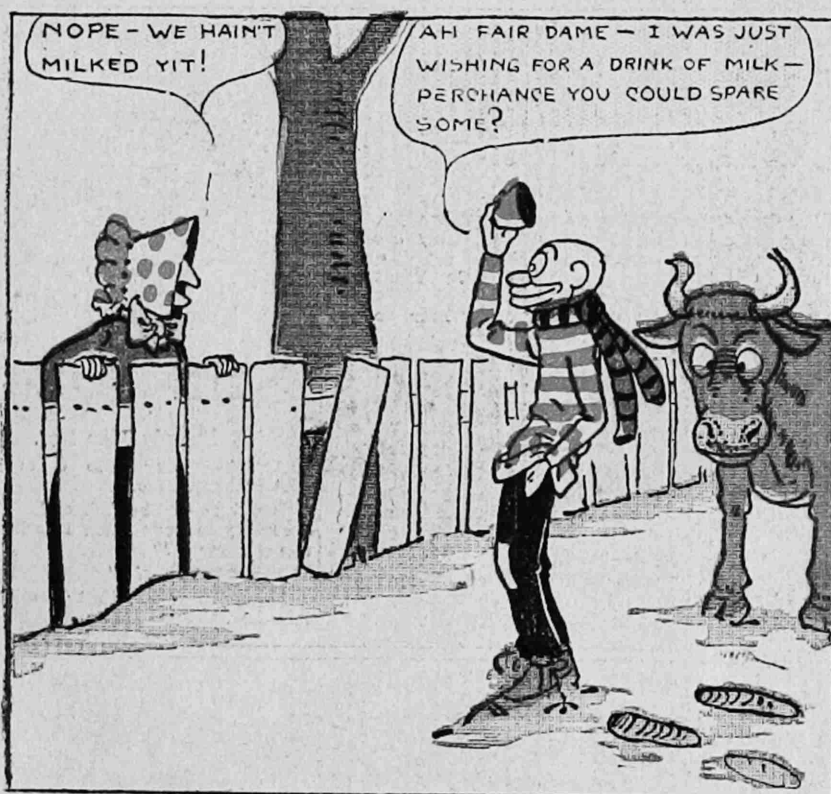


Next Brother's own initial,—
Much simplifying things,—
Embroidered on the bag was.
And Papa Prim's smoke-rings.



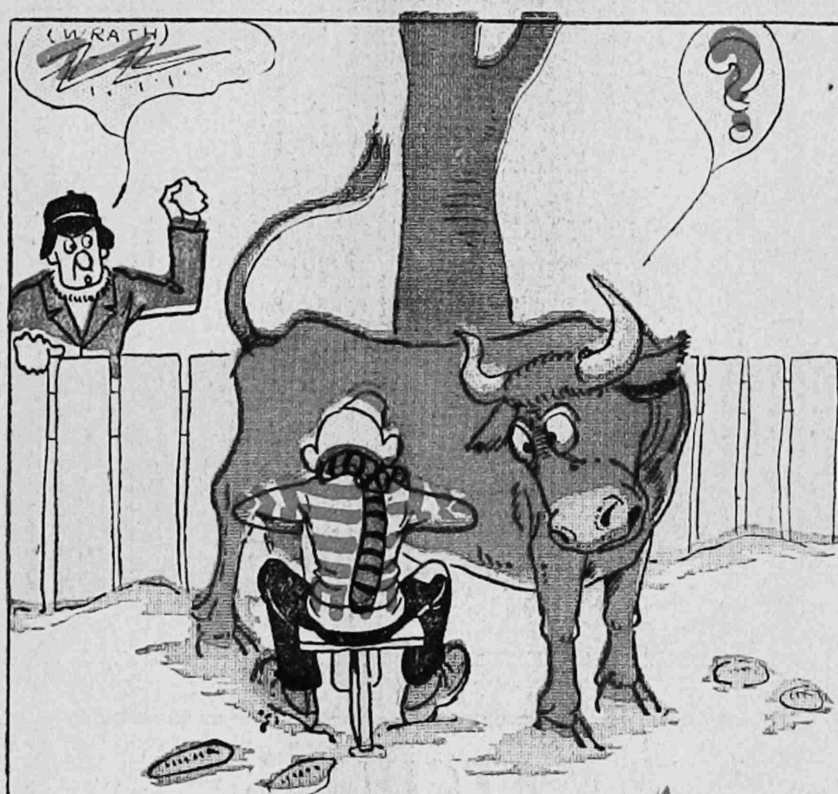
If anything, seemed "rounder",
As in the air they went
Our Pinkie'd made THREE happy,
And hadn't spent ONE cent!

ALAS! ALACK! POOR MOONEY MIGGLES DOESN'T GET HIS WISH

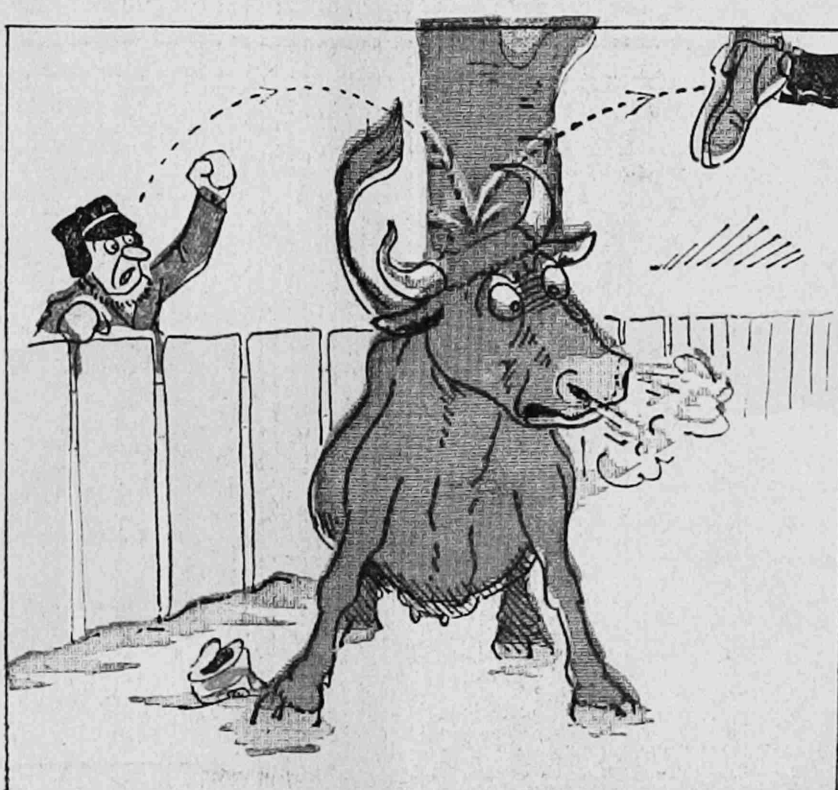
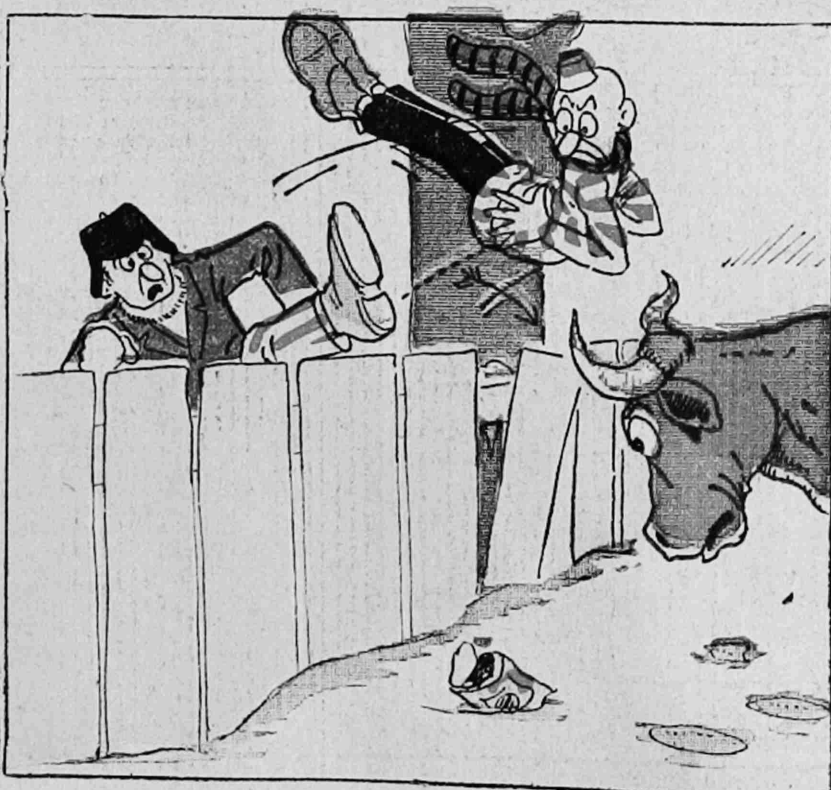
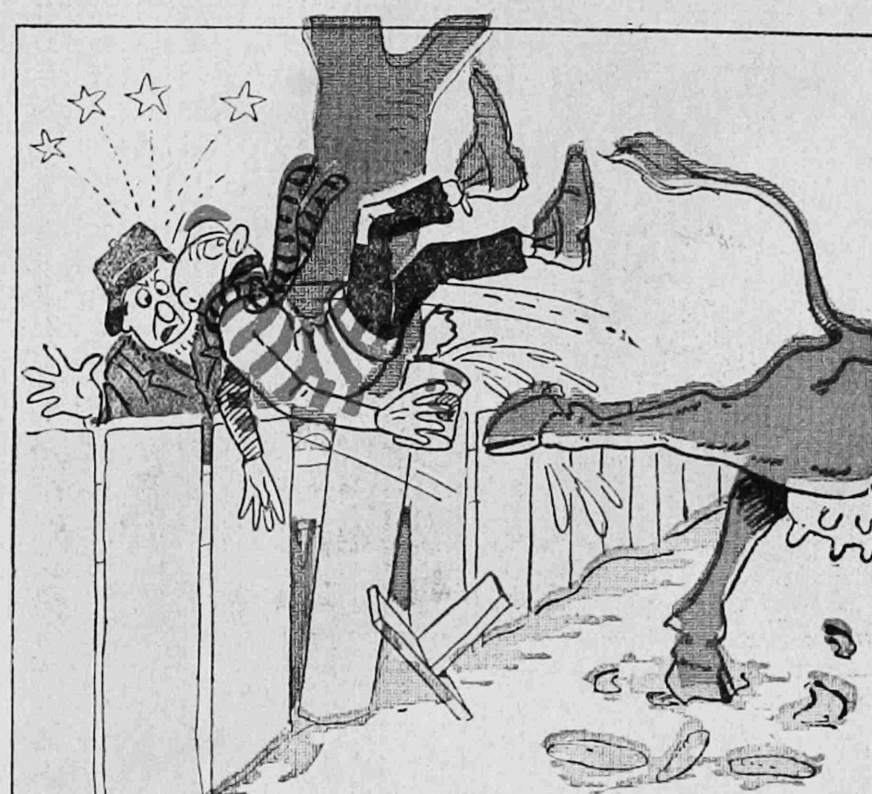


NOPE—WE HAIN'T
MILKED YIT!

AH FAIR DAME—I WAS JUST
WISHING FOR A DRINK OF MILK—
PERCHANCE YOU COULD SPARE
SOME?



(W R A T H)



AW SHUCKS! I DON'T
LIKE MILK ANYWAY!

Jack Rogers